

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 7, 1809.

[No. 47.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

Miscellany.

I WAS not a little surprised the other morning at a request from Will Wizard that I would accompany him that evening to Mrs. —'s ball. The request was simple enough in itself, it was only singular as coming from Will;—of all my acquaintance, Wizard is the least calculated and disposed for the society of ladies—not that he dislikes their company; on the contrary, like every man of pith and marrow, he is a professed admirer of the sex; and had he been born a poet, would undoubtedly have bespattered and be-rhymed some hard named goddess, until she became as famous as Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Saccarissa; but Will is such a confounded bungler at a bow, has so many odd bachelor habits, and finds it so troublesome to be gallant, that he generally prefers smoking his cygarr, and telling his story among cronies of his own gender—and thundering long stories they are, let me tell you;—set Will at once a going about China, or Crim Tartary, or the Hottentots, and heaven help the poor victim who has to endure his prolixity—he might better be tied to the tail of a jack-o'-lantern. In one word—Will talks like a traveler. Being acquainted with his character, I was the more alarmed at his inclination to visit a party, since he has often assured me, that he considered it as equivalent to being stuck up for three hours in a steam-engine. I even wondered how he had received an invitation—this he soon accounted for. It seems Will, on his last arrival from Canton, had made a present of a case of tea, to a lady for whom he had once entertained a sneaking kindness when at grammar-school; and she in return had invited him to come and drink some of it—a cheap way enough of paying off little obligations. I readily acceded to Will's proposition, expecting much entertainment from

his eccentric remarks; and as he has been absent some few years, I anticipated his surprise at the splendour and elegance of a modern rout.

On calling for Will in the evening, I found him full dressed, waiting for me. I contemplated him with absolute dismay. As he still retained a spark of regard for the lady who once reigned in his affections, he had been at unusual pains in decorating his person, and broke upon my sight arrayed in the true style that prevailed among our beaux some years ago. His hair was turned up and tufted at the top, frizzled out at the ears, a profusion of powder puffed over the whole, and a long plaited club swung gracefully from shoulder to shoulder, describing a pleasing semicircle of powder and pomatum. His claret coloured coat was decorated with a profusion of gilt buttons, and reached to his calves.—His white casimere small clothes were so tight that he seemed to have grown up in them; and his wonderful legs, which are the thickest part of his body were beautifully clothed in sky-blue silk stockings, once considered so becoming. But above all he prided himself upon his waistcoat of China silk, which might almost have served a good housewife for a short gown; and he boasted that the roses and tulips upon it were the work of *Nang-Fou*, daughter of the great *Chin-Chin-Fou*, who had fallen in love with the graces of his person, and sent it to him as a parting present—he assured me she was a remarkable beauty, with sweet obliquity of eyes, and a foot no longer than the thumb of an alderman;—he then dilated most copiously on his silver sprigged Dicky, which he assured me was quite the rage among the dashing young mandarins of Canton.

I hold it an ill-natured office to put any man out of conceit with himself; so, thought I would willingly have made a little alteration in my friend Wizard's picturesque costume, yet I politely complimented him on his rakish appearance.

On entering the room I kept a good look out on Will, expecting to see him exhibit signs of surprise; but he is one of those knowing fellows who are never surprised at any thing, or at least will never acknowledge it. He took his stand in the middle of the floor, playing with his great steel watch chain, and looking round on the company, the furniture and the picture with the air of a man "who had seen d—d finer things in his time;" and to my utter confusion and dismay, I saw him coolly pull out his villanous old japanned tobacco-box, ornamented with a bottle, a pipe, and a scurvy motto, and help himself to a quid in face of all the company.

I knew it was all in vain to find fault with a fellow of Will's socratic turn, who is never to be put out of humour with him self; so, after he had given his box its prescriptive rap & returned it to his pocket, I drew him into a corner, where we might observe the company, without being prominent objects ourselves.

"And pray who is that stylish figure," said Will, "who blazes away in red like a volcano, and who seems wrapped in flames like a fiery dragon?" that cried I, is MISS LAURELIA DASHAWAY; she is the highest flash of the ton—has much whim and more eccentricity, and has reduced many an unhappy gentleman to stupidity by her charms—you see she holds out the red flag in token of "no quarter." "Then keep me safe out of the sphere of her attractions," cried Will, "I would not e'en come in contract with her train, lest it should scorch me like the tail of a comet—But who, I beg of you, is that amiable youth who is handing along a young lady, and at the same time contemplating his sweet person in a mirror as he passes?" His name said I, is BILLY DIMPLE—he is a universal smiler, and would travel from Dan to Beersheba, and smile on every body as he passed. Dimple is a slave to the ladies—a hero at tea parties, and is famous at the *pirouet* and the pigeon-wing—a fiddle-stick is his idol,

and a dance his elysium. "A very pretty young gentleman, truly," cried Wizard, "he reminds me of a cotemporary beau at Hayti. You must know that the magnanimous Dessalines gave a great ball to his court one fine sultry summer's evening; Dessy and me were great cronies—hand and glove—one of the most condescending great men I ever knew. Such a display of black and yellow beauties! such a show of madras handkerchiefs, red beads, cocks tails and peacocks feathers!—it was, as here, who should wear the highest top-knot, drag the longest tails, or exhibit the greatest variety of combs, colours and gew-gaws. In the middle of the rout, when all was buz, slip-slop, clack and perfume, who should enter but TUCKY SQUASH! The yellow beauties blushed blue, and the black ones blushed as red as they could, with pleasure; and there was a universal agitation of fans—every eye brightened and witened to see Tucky, for he was the pride of the court, the pink of courtesy, the mirror of fashion, the adoration of all the sable fair ones of Hayti. Such breadth of nose, such exuberance of lip! his shins had the true cucumber curve—his face in dancing shone like a kettle; and, provided you kept to windward of him in the Summer, I do not know a sweeter youth in all Hayti than Tucky Squash. When he laughed, there appeared from ear to ear a chevaux-de-frize of teeth, that rivalled the shark's in whiteness; he could whistle like a north-wester—play on a three-stringed fiddle like Apollo, and as to dancing, no Long-Island negro could shuffle you "double-trouble," or hoe corn and "dig potatoes," more scientifically; in short, he was a second Lothario, and the daisy nymphs of Hayti, one and all declared him a perpetual Adonis. Tucky walked about, whistling to himself, without regarding any body; and his non-chalance was irresistible."

I found Will had got neck and heels into one of his travellers' stories, and there is no knowing how far he would have run his parallel between Billy Dimple and Tucky Squash, had not the musick struck up, from an adjoining apartment, and summoned the company to dance. The sound seemed to have an inspiring effect on honest Will, and he procured the hand of an old acquaintance for a country dance. It happened to be the fashionable one of "the Devil among the Tailors," which is so vociferously demanded at every ball and assembly: and many a torn gown, and many an unfortunate toe did rue the dancing of that night; for Will thundered down the dance like a coach and six, sometimes right, sometimes wrong, now running over half a score of little Frenchmen, and now making sad inroads into ladies' cobweb muslins and spangled tails. As every part of Will's body partook of the exertion, he shook from his capacious head such volumes of powder, that like pious Eneas, on the first interview with queen Dido, he might be said to have been enveloped in a cloud.—Nor was Will's partner an insignificant figure in the scene. She was a young lady, of most voluminous proportions, that quivered at every skip; and being braced up in that fashionable style, with whalebone, stay-tape and buckram, looked like an apple pudding tied in the middle, or taking her flaming dress into consideration, like a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of red curtains. The dance finished—I would gladly have taken Will off, but no—he was now in one of his

happy moods, and there was no doing any thing with him. He insisted on my introducing him to miss SOPHY SPARKLE, a young lady unrivalled for playful wit and innocent vivacity, and who, like a brilliant, adds lustre to the front of fashion. I accordingly presented him to her, and began a conversation in which, I thought, he might take a share; but no such thing. Will took his stand before her, straddling like a Colossus, with his hands in his pockets, and an air of the most profound attention, nor did he pretend to open his lips for some time, until, upon some lively sally of hers, he electrified the whole company with a most intolerable burst of laughter. What was to be done with such an incorrigible fellow? to add to my distress, the first word he spoke was to tell miss Sparkle that something she said reminded him of a circumstance that happened to him in China; and as he went, in the true traveller style, described the Chinese mode of eating rice with chop sticks; entered into a long eulogium on the succulent qualities of boiled bird nests, and I made my escape at the very moment when he was on the point of squatting down on the floor, to show how the little Chinese *Joshes* sit cross-legged.

Salem Magazine.

A Cunning Contrivance to save a Malefactor on his Trial.

A HIGHWAYMAN, who some years past robbed three gentlemen who were travelling together in a stage coach, was soon after, upon strong suspicions, apprehended as the person who had committed the robbery, and sent to gaol; where dreading his approaching fate, he grew very pensive. He had not been many days in prison, before a fellow-prisoner, who had marked his extreme dejection of spirits, addressed him in the following terms:—"How now, fellow prisoner, why do you continually wear that cloud upon your brow?"—"To which the poor fellow, in a melancholy tone of voice, replied, that he thought the expectation of the gallows, which always seemed before his eyes since he had been wicked enough to commit the crime which brought him to that horrid place, and for which he was fully persuaded he should be hanged, was sufficient cause to make any man look sorrowful. "Pho (quoth the other reprobate) if this is all, cheer up man: if you will come down handsomely, I will engage to get you off this bout." "I thank you, friend (replied the other) but I believe that to be impossible: the proof is too strong against me, nor do I think that I can have impudence enough to deny the fact," [for he was not a hardened villain, this being the first robbery he had committed]. "Nay (replied the other with an oath), if you have not the courage to deny it, I have nothing more to say to you."

The other then entreated to know by what means he could give him hopes of saving his life. "No, no, (he returned) my secret I will not divulge; but no cure no pay. If you will agree to reward me, I will engage to bring you off this bout; and if my scheme should miscarry, you can but be hanged at last, you know." "Well (said the robber) I have two hundred pounds; one of which, if you save my life, shall be yours." "Agreed (said the other), and now all you have to do is, to tell me every particular word, &c. that passed at the time you committed the robbery; and when you are brought to the bar, to

plead *not guilty*, and leave the rest to me." Though the highwayman received but little hopes from this scheme, he related every word and circumstance that he could recollect had passed between the gentlemen and himself, of which this arch blade made no small advantage.

At the assizes, when the highwayman was brought to the bar to take his trial, and the usual question was put to him, *guilty or not guilty*, he pleaded *not guilty*. Just at this time there was heard a great bustle among the prisoners; which being loud enough to disturb the court, the goal-keeper was called upon to explain the reason of the disturbance; who replied, that one of the prisoners said he had something of the utmost importance to say to the judge, who immediately ordered him to the bar, and asked him what was his reason for disturbing the court with his clamour? He then assuming a piteous countenance, told his lordship, that though he had been a very wicked fellow, his conscience would not permit him to let an innocent man suffer for a crime that he himself had committed. Upon which the gentlemen who were prosecutors seemed greatly disconcerted. He then addressed himself to them, and repeated every word that had passed between them at the time he had robbed them, and had the impudence to exhort them to take care for the future how they swore an innocent man's life away. The gentlemen stood reproved on this avowal of his crime, the real culprit was acquitted, and the other commanded back to prison till a bill of indictment was found against him. The real criminal was punctual to his promise to his preserver, and then made off as fast as he could.

When the supposed culprit's trial came on, and he was put to the bar, to the astonishment of the whole court he pleaded *not guilty*; for which he was severely reproved by the judge, who asked him how he durst to have the effrontery to presume to deny a fact to which he had pleaded *guilty* at that bar.—"To which he, with great composure, replied, that he not only denied the fact, but could immediately prove his innocence not only to the satisfaction of his lordship, but to the whole court; adding that he could prove an alibi at the time the robbery was committed. "How will you prove this?" said the judge. "Your gaoler shall prove it for me---if your lordship will be pleased to order him to look over the list of prisoners, he will find that I was in prison at the time the robbery was committed." On the gaoler's examining his books, he found, to his no small mortification, that the fellow was brought into prison the day before the robbery was committed. For his neglect in not examining his books, he was very near losing his employment.

Subtlety of the Law.

THE grave digger's argument upon the funeral obsequies of Ophelia was intended by Shakespeare to burlesque the law. One of the clowns is a great arguer, and justifies the verdict of the coroner's inquest upon the daughter of Polonius, by saying, "she drowned herself in her own defence: it must be *se offendendo*, for here lies the point; if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform; Argal, she drowned herself wittingly." The irresistible force of this conclusion, he thinks himself able to increase by

explanation. "Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life."

On this Sir John Hawkins has given us a note worth transcription. "I strongly suspect that this is a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales'. It seems her husband, Sir James Hales, had drowned himself in a river, and the question was, whether by this act of a forfeiture of a lease from the dean and chapter of Canterbury which he was possessed of did not accrue to the crown; an inquisition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de se*. The legal and logical subtleties arising in the course of the argument of this case, gave a very far opportunity for a sneer at *crowner's quest law*. A great deal of subtilty was used to ascertain whether Sir James was the agent or the patient; or, in other words, whether he went to the water, or the water came to him. The cause of Sir James's madness was the circumstance of his having been the Judge who condemned Lady Jane Grey."

Professor Christian, in his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, has quoted from Plowden part of the argument, if so it may be called, of the Chief Justice, (Sir James Dyer) which proves himself as mad as the defunct at least: "The felony," says he, "is attributed to the act; which act is always done by a living man, as my brother Brown said; for he said Sir James Hales was dead; and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning: and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? In his life time.—So that Sir James Hales being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then, for this offence, it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished, alive, when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way but by divesting out of him, from the time of the act done in his lifetime, which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his lifetime."

On the Benefits of Exercise.

As man is a compound of soul and body, he is under an obligation of a double scheme of duty; and as labour and exercise conduce to the health of the body, so do study and contemplation to that of the mind; for study strengthens the mind as exercise does the body. The labor of the body frees us from the pains of the mind, and this it is which makes the poor man happy. The mind, like the body, grows tired by being too long in one posture. The end of diversion is to unbend the soul, deceive the cares, sweeten the toils, and smooth the ruggedness of life.

As the body is maintained by repletion and evacuation, so is the mind by employment and relaxation. Difficulty strengthens the mind, as labor does the body. Life and happiness consist in action and employment. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigor of youth, neither can nor ought to be at rest. If they debar themselves

from a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion or pursuit. As the sweetest rose grows on the sharpest prickles, so the hardest labor brings forth the sweetest profits. The end of labor is rest; what brightness is to rust, labor is to idleness; idleness is the rust of the mind, and the inlet to all misfortune. Diligence is the mother of Virtue.

When it is known, says Plato, how exercise produces digestion, and promotes health, comeliness, and strength, there will be no occasion to enjoin the use of such exercise by a law, or to enforce an attention to it on the candidates for health, vigor, and personal charms.

CONSUMPTION.

COMPLETELY to eradicate this disorder, I will not positively say the following remedy is capable of doing; but I will venture to affirm, that a temperate mode of living (avoiding spirituous liquors wholly), wearing flannel next the skin, and taking every morning, half a pint of new milk mixed with a wine glass full of the expressed juice of green hoarhound, the complaint will not only be relieved, but the individual shall procure to himself a length of days beyond what its mildest form could give room to hope for. I am myself, Sir, a living witness to the beneficial effects of this agreeable and though innocent, yet powerful application. Four weeks use of the hoarhound and milk relieved the pains of my breast; gave me to breathe deep, long and free; strengthened and harmonized my voice; and restored me to a state of better health than I had enjoyed for many years.

Anecdotes.

THE following whimsical anecdote happened the first season of the representation of the Fair Penitent:—Lothario, after he is killed by Altamont in the fourth act, lies dead by proxy in the fifth, raised on a bier covered with black by the property man, and the face whitened by the barber, the coat and perriwig generally filled by one of the dressers. Most of the capital actors in the established theatres have generally a dresser to themselves, though they are paid by the manager, to be ready on all occasions, for stage-guards, attendants, &c. Mr. Powell played Lothario; and one warren, his dresser, claimed a right of lying for his master, and performing the dead part of Lothario, which he proposed to act to the best advantage, though Powell was ignorant of the matter. The fifth act began and went on as usual, with applause; but about the middle of the distressful scene, Powell called for his man Warren, who as loudly replied from the bier on the stage, "Here, Sir!"—Powell (who, as I said before, was ignorant of the part this man was doing), repeated without loss of time, "Come here this moment, you son of a whore, or I'll break all the bones in your skin." Warren, knew his hasty temper; therefore, without any reply, jumped off, with all his sables about him, which unfortunately was tied fast to the handles of the bier, and dragged after him. But this was not all; the laugh and roar began in the audience, till it frightened poor Warren so much, that, with the bier at his tail, he threw down Calista (Mrs.

Barry) and overwhelmed her with the table, lamps, books, bones, together with all the lumber of the charnel-house. He tugged till he broke off his trammels, and made his escape: and the play at once ended with immoderate fits of laughter.

DEAN SWIFT'S ECLIPSE.

One day Swift observed a great rabble assembled in a large space before the deanery door in Kevinstreet, and upon enquiring the cause of this, was told it was to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him his lesson of what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing it some time among the crowd, bawled out, O yes, O yes, all manner of persons concerned are desired to take notice, that it is the Dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to-morrow. So God save the King, and his reverence the Dean. The mob upon this notice immediately dispersed; only some, more cunning than the rest, swore they would not lose another afternoon, for that the Dean who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them the second time.

HYMENEAL.

*Hail wedded Love! no Liberty can prose,
So sweet as Bondage with the Wife we love.*

MARRIED.

In Dedham, Mr. Silas Mason, of Boston, to Miss Betsy Smith. In Lincoln, Mr. Charles Wheeler, to Miss Julia Stearns. In Rowley, Mr. John Goodhue, of Salem, to Miss Lucy Gage. In Franklin, Mr. Elisha Seaverens, of Roxbury, to Miss Abigail Sturbridge, of F. In Weston, Mr. Jonathan Whitney, of Stow, to Miss Ann Stimson, of W. In Boston, Mr. John B. Wilson, to Miss Mary Goodwin—Mr. John Reed, to Miss Sally Hob Smith—Mr. Henry Gray, mer. to Miss Mary Ingalls.

OBITUARY.

*The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings.*

DIED

In St. Kitts, Mr. Isaac Cook, aged 27.—In Charleston, Mr. Jacob Cohen, aged 71.—In Hilton, Wm. Hill, Esq. formerly a Representative to Congress, from Wilmington district, and United States Attorney for the district of North Carolina.—In Philadelphia, Mr. Timothy Hurst.—In New-Haven, (Conn.) Capt. Edmund French, aged 68.—In Hanover, (N. H.) Mr. Hezekiah Jones, aged 42.—In Cornish, Rev. James Wellman, aged 86.—In Dover, Mrs. Mary Crosby, aged 43.—In Hollowell, Mrs. Hovey, wife of Mr. Thomas Hovey, aged 53; and their youngest child.—In Portland, Mr. Thomas Motley, aged 66: Andrew, youngest son of Mr. Sylvester Smith, aged 8 years; a bean got into his wind-pipe, and choked him.—In Newburyport, Major Benjamin Chadbourne, Esq. formerly of Berwick, (Me.)—In Andover, Mrs. Humphreys, aged 51.—In Pembroke, Capt. Thomas Turner, aged 74.—In Salem, Mary-Ann, daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Pickman, aged 8 years.—In Milton, of apoplexy, Mr. Joseph Billings, aged 54.

In Boston, on Monday last, the Honourable THOMAS DAWES, senior, in the 75th year of his age.—Miss Hannah Boxter, aged 23.—Samuel, only child of Mr. William Hastings, aged 8 years and 8 months.—George W. Jepson, son of Mr. Samuel Jepson, jun.—Elizabeth Clark, only daughter of Capt. Thomas Clark, aged 2 years and five months.

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE LADIES' FASHIONABLE MODE OF SHOPPING.

HIRE comes Miss LIGHTHEAD and her tasty Sister!
 Jack, off the Counter, wait upon the ladies;
 Show'em what they call for, tell the price of each piece
 Do your best to please 'em.

"Have you any cambricks, that are yard and half wide?
 What's the price of that tape—striped Dimity?"
 Three and sixpence, madam—"Let me see a better—
 Give me a pattern.

"Have you any stockings, very nice, with lac'd clocks?"
 What are these a pair Sir?—"Madam they are eight
 shillings"—
 "I'm sure I saw much better, for only six, at 'Draper's'
 They will not not answer.

"I'll look, Sir, at that lustring"—"is eight and six the
 lowest?"

"I'll give you seven shillings"—"That's less than what
 it cost ma'am"

"I'll give you seven-and-sixpence"—"madam, you
 may take it"
 "I'll call again, Sir."

EQUALITY.

FROM COWPER.

"TWERE well, says one erudite profound,
 Terribly arch'd and acuteline his nose,
 And overbuilt with most impending brows,
 'Twere well could you perinit the world to live
 As the world pleases. What's the world to you?
 Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
 As sweet as charity from human breast,
 I think, articulate, I laugh and weep.
 And exercise all functions of a man.
 How then should I, and any man that lives,
 Be strangers to each other? pierce my vein,
 Take of the crimson stream meand'ring there,
 And catechise it well. Apply thy glass,
 Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
 Congenial with thine own. And if it be,
 What edge of subtlety can'st thou suppose
 Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
 To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
 One common Maker bound me to the kind.
 True; I am no proficient, I confess,
 In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift
 And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
 And bid them hide themselves in the earth beneath;
 I cannot analyse the air, nor catch
 The parallax of yonder luminous point,
 That seems half quench'd in the immense abyss;
 Such powers I boast not; neither can I rest
 A silent witness of the headlong rage
 Or heedless folly by which thousands die,
 Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine.

EPIGRAM.

"Harry, I cannot think, (says Dick,)
 'What makes my ancles grow so thick,'
 'You do not recollect, (says Harry,)
 'How great a calf they have to carry!'"

Voltaire says, labour delivers us from three
 great evils, weariness, want, and vice.

Anecdotes.

A French gentleman had courted a young
 lady some months, at last the mother asked him
 whether, by thus continuing his courtship to her
 daughter, he intended to marry her, or otherwise.
 To tell you the truth, madam, replied he, it is for
 otherwise.

When Woodward first played Sir John Brute,
 Garrick was induced, from curiosity, or perhaps
 jealousy, to be present. A few days after, when
 they met, Woodward asked Garrick how he liked
 him in the part, adding, "I think I struck out
 some beauties in it." "I think (said Garrick)
 that you struck out all the beauties."

A certain watchman, who was charged with
 being guilty of indecent and riotous behaviour ex-
 cused himself by declaring, that he was fast asleep
 almost the whole of the night.

Just published, and for sale at the Bookstore of
 CHARLES TAPPAN, price one Dollar, the 4th
 edition of a new system of

DOMESTIC COOKERY,

Formed upon principles of economy, and adapted to
 the use of private families—by a LADY. Containing,
 Miscellaneous observations for the use of the Mis-
 tress of a Family—Different methods of cooking the
 several kinds of Fish—Observations on dressing Fish.
 —On dressing Meats—On dressing Poultry—On
 making Pies—On making Soups—On making Gravies
 and Sauces—On making Vinegars and Pickles—On
 making Stews—On making Salads and boiling Vegeta-
 bles—Small Dishes for Supper—Forcemeat for Pat-
 ties, Balls, or Stuffing—Pastry—Puddings—Sweet
 Dishes—Fruits—Ices—Cakes—French Bread—To
 make and preserve Yeast—To pot and roast Cheese.
 —To poach Eggs—On managing a Dairy—Home
 Brewery—Cookery for the Sick—Useful Directions
 to give to Servants.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the directions which follow were intended for the
 conduct of the families of the authoress's own daugh-
 ters, and for the arrangement of their table, so as to u-
 nite a good figure with proper economy, she has avoided
 all excessive luxury, such as essence of ham, and the
 wasteful expenditure of large quantities of meat for
 gravy, which so greatly contributes to keep up the price,
 and is no less injurious to those who eat, than to those
 whose penury bids them abstain. Many receipts are
 given for things which, being in daily use, the mode of
 preparing them may be supposed too well known to re-
 quire a place in a cookery book; yet how rarely do we
 meet with fine melted butter, good toast and water, or
 well made coffee! She makes no apology for minute-
 ness in some articles, or for leaving others unnamed,
 because she writes not for professed cooks. This little
 work would have been a treasure to herself, when she
 first set out in life, and she therefore hopes it may be
 useful to others. In that idea it is given to the public,
 and as she will receive from it no emolument, so she
 trusts it will escape without censure.

The best recommendation this work can have, is
 to say, that it has run through three large editions the
 year past.

October 1, 1808.

Books & Stationary.

HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE, & BLISS,
Booksellers & Stationers,No. 8, State-Street, near the Exchange Coffee-House;
BOSTON.

KEEP constantly for sale, a gen-
 eral assortment of Books in the various Departments of
 Literature, which they offer for sale on as liberal Terms
 as can be had in Boston. Bibles from 5s. 6d. to 20 dolls.
 Watts's Psalms and Hymns of various editions; Testa-
 ments, Psalters, and School Books of every description
 Blank Account Books of various qualities, sizes and pri-
 ces: Also, a general assortment of Printing, Writing and
 letter paper of various qualities: Quills, Ink-Powder,
 Ink, Ink-Stands, Sand Boxes, Black and Red Pencils;
 Slates and Slate Pencils: Playing, Message, and Compli-
 ment Cards, Penknives, Scissors, Razors, and Razor
 Straps, Shaving Boxes and Soap; Portable Writing Desks;
 Cigars, wholesale, and retail, with a great variety of oth-
 er articles, too numerous to be particularised.

Said H. E. & B. have impressed the following valuable
 publications. The Miscellaneous Classics, comprising the
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